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THE SERVICE EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF
RUDYARD KIPLING

THE SEVEN SEAS

VOL. I

THE SEVEN SEAS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I



278

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DEDICATION

TO THE CITY OF BOMBAY

*The Cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain-side,
That from her burthened beach.*

*They count their ships full tale—
Their corn and oil and wine,
Derrick and loom and bale,
And rampart's gun-flecked line,
City by City they hail:
'Hast aught to match with mine?'*

*And the men that breed from them
They traffic up and down,
But cling to their cities' hem
As a child to the mother's gown.*

THE SEVEN SEAS

*When they talk with the stranger bands,
Dazed and newly alone ;
When they walk in the stranger lands,
By roaring streets unknown ;
Blessing her where she stands
For strength above their own.*

*(On high to hold her fume
That stands all fame beyond,
By oath to back the same,
Most faithful-foolish-fond ;
Making her mere-breathed name
Their bond upon their bond.)*

*So thank I God my birth
Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth,
Or warring tribes untried—
But that she lent me worth
And gave me right to pride.*

*Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say :
‘ Of no mean city am I !’*

DEDICATION

*(Neither by service nor fee
Come I to mine estate—
Mother of Cities to me,
For I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.)*

*Now for this debt I owe,
And for her far-borne cheer
Must I make haste and go
With tribute to her pier.*

*And she shall touch and remit
After the use of kingly
(Orderly, ancient, fit)
My deep-sea plunderings,
And purchase in all lands.
And this we do for a sign
Her power is over mine,
And mine I hold at her hands!*

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THE SEVEN SEAS

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

*F*AIR is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in
your mirth !)

*For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all
the Earth !*

*Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from
righteousness—*

*Deep in all dishonour though we stained our gar-
ments' hem.*

*Oh be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall
deal with them !*

THE SEVEN SEAS

*Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealèd us ;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.*

*Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask
them treble-tale !*

*Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.*

*Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown ;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we
serve the Lord !*

.

*Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning ; of a singer nothing worth.*

*Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between.
As the singer knew^o and touched it in the ends of all
the Earth !*

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS

OUR brows are bound with spindrift and the
weed is on our knees ;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,
smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland,
ness, and voc—
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships
of England go !

Through the endless summer evenings, on the
lineless, level floors ;
Through the yelling•Channel tempest when the
siren hoots and roars—
By day the dipping house-flag and by night the
rocket's trail—
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know
them where they hail.

THE SEVEN SEAS

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman
have a care,

The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping
wife to prayer ;

From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in
burning chains

The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in
English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race
the Southern wool ;

We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen,
Leith, and Hull ;

To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the
sea—

The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of
Dundee !

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the
guard-ports of the Morn !

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of
the Horn !

Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave
us, main to main,

The Coastwise Lights of England give you
welcome back again !

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust
on your plates ;

Go, get you into London with the burden of your
freights !

Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if
any seek,

The Lights of England sent you and by silence
shall ye speak !

•

THE SONG OF THE DEAD

*HEAR now the Song of the Dead—in the North by
the torn berg-edges—*

*They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-
stripped sledges.*

THE SEVEN SEAS

*Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by their
skeleton horses,
Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the
dust of the sere river-courses.*

*Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-rotted
jungle hollows,
Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the brake
of the buffalo-wallows.*

*Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens, the
waste that betrayed them,
Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the
camp and the grave-mound they made them ;
Hear now the Song of the Dead !*

I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the
man-stifled town ;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange
roads go down.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the
Power with the Need,

Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us
to lead.

As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from
the herd where they graze,

In the faith of little children we went on our
ways.

Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then
the last water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down and
died.

On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the
fern-scrub we lay,

That our sons might follow after by the bones on
the way.

Follow after—follow after! We have watered
the root,

And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for
fruit!

THE SEVEN SEAS

Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that
we lost,

For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread
of a host.

Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is
sown :

By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to
your own !

*When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby,
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed
Our Lodge—our Lodge was born
(And England was crowned thereby !)*

e

*Which never shall close again
By day nor yet by night,
While man shall take his life to stake
At risk of shoal or main
(By day nor yet by night).*

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

*But standeth even so
As now we witness here,
While men depart, of joyful heart,
Adventure for to know
(As now bear witness here !)*

II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there 's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead :
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full !

There 's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned ;
There 's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—

THE SEVEN SEAS

But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,

From the Ducies to the Swin.

If blood be the price of admiralty,

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' paid it in !

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,

For that is our doom and pride,

As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,

Or the wreck that struck last tide—

Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef

Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.

If blood be the price of admiralty,

If blood be the price of admiralty,

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' bought it fair !

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

THE DEEP-SEA CABLES

THE wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops
down from afar—

Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the
blind white sea-snakes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts
of the deep,

Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the
shell-burred cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-
ribs of earth

Words, and the words of men, flicker and
flutter and beat—

Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and
mirth—

For a Power troubles the Still that has neither
voice nor feet.

THE SEVEN SEAS

They have wakened the timeless Things ; they
have killed their father Time ;
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the
last of the sun.
Hush ! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the
ultimate slime,
And a new Word runs between : whispering,
' Let us be one ! '

THE SONG OF THE SONS

ONE from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open
door—
Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have
more !
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl
of a wolf-pack freed,
Turn, and the world is thine. ' Mother, be proud
of thy seed !

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Count, are we feeble or few ? Hear, is our
speech so rude ?

Look, are we poor in the land ? Judge, are we
men of The Blood ?

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go
call them in—

We that were bred overseas wait and would
speak with our kin.

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout
and gibe ;

Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for
a bribe.

Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise
or fee—

Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost
parts of the sea !

THE SEVEN SEAS

THE SONG OF THE CITIES

BOMBAY

ROYAL and Dower-royal, I the Queen

Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean
All races from all lands.

CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to
hold.
Hail, England ! I am Asia—Power on silt,
Death in my hands, but Gold !

o

MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,
Wonderful kisses, so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a with^oered beldame now,
Brooding on ancient fame.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

RANGOON

Hail, Mother ! Do they call me rich in trade ?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest
drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother ! East and West must seek my
aid
Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.
The second doorway of the wide world's trade
Is mine to loose or bar.

•

HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother ! Hold me fast ; my Praya sleeps
Under innumerable keels to-day.
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps
Thy warships down the bay !

THE SEVEN SEAS

HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,
 Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
 Sleepless and veiled am I !

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
 Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,
 And, fearing no man, wait !

VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has
 passed,
Till West is East beside our land-locked
 blue ;
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
 The well-forged link rings true !

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

CAPETOWN

Hail ! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to
hand,

I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line !

MELBOURNE

Greeting ! Nor fear nor favour won us place,
Got between greed of gold and dread of
drouth,
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race
That whips our harbour-mouth !

•

SYDNEY

Greeting ! My birth-stain have I turned to good ;
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness :
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,
And at my feet Success !

THE SEVEN SEAS

BRISBANE

The northern stirp beneath the southern
skies—

I build a Nation for an Empire's need,
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,
Queen over lands indeed !

HOBART

Man's love first found me ; man's hate made me
Hell ;

For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,
God flung me peace and ease.

3

AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles !

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

ENGLAND'S ANSWER

TRULY ye come of The Blood ; slower to bless
than to ban ;

Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone
that I bare ;

Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers
were.

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life
our tether,

But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we
come together.

My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not
gone by ;

Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are
not dry.

Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide
the doors,

That ye may talk[.] together, your Barons and
Councillors—

THE SEVEN SEAS

Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower
Seas,

Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on
her knees !—

That ye may talk together, brother to brother's
face—

Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the
Pride of the Race.

Also, we will make promise. So long as The
Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine : ye shall
feel that my strength is yours :

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight
of all,

That Our House stand together and the pillars
do not fall.

Draw now the threefold knot firm on the nine-
fold bands,

And the Law that ye make shall be law after
the rule of your lands.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

This for the waxen Heath, and that for the
Wattle-bloom,

This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern
Broom.

The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not
press my will,

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me
Mother still.

Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they
must speak to you,

After the use of the English, in straight-flung
words and few.

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in
your ways,

Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of
praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain of
sword and pen,

Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a
world of men !

THE FIRST CHANTEY

MINE was the woman to me, darkling I
found her :

Haling her dumb from the camp, held her and
bound her.

Hot rose her tribe on our track ere I had proved her;
Hearing her laugh in the gloom, greatly I loved her.

Swift through the forest we ran ; none stood to
guard us,

Few were my people and far ; then the flood
barred us—

Him we call Son of the Sea, sullen and swollen.
Panting we waited the death, stealer and stolen.

Yet ere they came to my lance laid for the
slaughter,

Lightly she leaped to a log lapped in the water ;

THE FIRST CHANTEY

Holding on high and apart skins that arrayèd her,
Called she the God of the Wind that He should
aid her.

Life had the tree at that word (Praise we the
Giver !)

Otter-like left he the bank for the full river.
Far fell their axes behind, flashing and ringing,
Wonder was on me and fear—yet she was singing !

Low lay the land we had left. Now the blue
bound us,

Even the Floor of the Gods level around us.

Whisper there was not, nor word, shadow nor
showing,

Till the light stirred on the deep, glowing and
growing.

Then did He leap to His place flaring from under,
He the Compeller, the Sun, bared to our wonder.

THE SEVEN SEAS

Nay, not a league from our eyes blinded with
gazing,
Cleared He the gate of the world, huge and
amazing !

This we beheld (and we live)—the Pit of the
Burning !

Then the God spoke to the tree for our returning ;
Back to the beach of our flight, fearless and slowly,
Back to our slayers went he : but we were holy.

Men that were hot in that hunt, women that
followed,

Babes that were promised our bones, trembled
and wallowed :

Over the necks of the Tribe crouching and fawn-
ing—

Prophet and priestess we came back from the
dawning !

THE LAST CHANTEY

' And there was no more sea.'

THUS said The Lord in the Vault above
the Cherubim,

Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their
degree :

' Lo ! Earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day.

That Our word may be established shall We
gather up the sea ? '

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :

' Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl
and flee !

But the war is done between us,
In the deep the Lord hath seen us—

Our bones we 'll leave the barracout', and
God may sink the sea ! '

THE SEVEN SEAS

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayèd Him :

‘ Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant
with me ?

How once a year I go

To cool me on the floe ?

And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away
the sea ! ’

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore
Wind :

(He that bits the thunder when the bull-
mouthed breakers flee) :

‘ I have watch and ward to keep

O’er Thy wonders on the deep,

And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take
away the sea ! ’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :

‘ Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk
are we !

THE LAST CHANTEY

If we worked the ship together
Till she foundered in foul weather,
Arc we babes that we should clamour for a
vengeance on the sea ? ’

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw
overboard :

‘ Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were
we ;

But Thy arm was strong to save,
And it touched us on the wave,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy
Trumpets tore the sea.’

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to
God :

‘ Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured
woundily.

THE SEVEN SEAS

There were fourteen score of these,
And they blessed Thee on their knees,
When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under
Malta by the sea ! ’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked un-
handily :

‘ Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen
use at sea ? ’

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adven-
turers—

Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity :

‘ Ho, we revel in our chains
O’er the sorrow that was Spain’s ;
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were
masters of the sea ! ’

THE LAST CHANTEY

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speck-
shioner—

(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair
Dundee) :

‘ Oh, the ice-blink white and near,
And the bowhead breaching clear !

Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that
wallow in the sea ? ’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying : ‘ Under Heaven, here is neither lead
nor lee !

Must we sing for evermore
On the windless, glassy floor ?

Take back your golden fiddles and we ’ll beat
to open sea ! ’

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good
sea up to Him,

And ’stablished his borders unto all eternity,

THE SEVEN SEAS

That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him
on the sea.

*Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face
of it,
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar fly-
ing free ;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them
back their sea !*

THE MERCHANTMEN

KING SOLOMON drew merchantmen,
Because of his desire
For peacocks, apes, and ivory,
From Tarshish unto Tyre :
With cedars out of Lebanon
Which Hiram rafted down,
But we be only sailormen
That use in London town.

*Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back
again—*

*Where the flaw shall head us or the full Trade
suits—*

*Plain-sail—storm-sail—lay your board and tack
again—*

*And that's the way ^{we} 'll pay Paddy Doyle for
his boots !*

THE SEVEN SEAS

We bring no store of ingots,
Of spice or precious stones,
But that we have we gathered
With sweat and aching bones :
In flame beneath the tropics,
In frost upon the floe,
And jeopardy of every wind
That does between them go.

And some we got by purchase,
And some we had by trade,
And some we found by courtesy
Of pike and carronade—
At midnight, 'mid-sea meetings,
For charity to keep,
And light the rolling homeward-bound
That rode a foot too deep.

By sport of bitter weather^{c_d}
We 're walty, strained, and scarred

THE MERCHANTMEN

From the kentledge on the kelson

To the slings upon the yard.

Six oceans had their will of us

To carry all away—

Our galley 's in the Baltic,

And our boom 's in Mossel Bay !

We 've floundered off the Texel,

Awash with sodden deals,

We 've slipped from Valparaiso

With the Norther at our heels :

We 've ratched beyond the Crossets

That tusk the Southern Pole,

And dipped our gunnels under

To the dread Agulhas roll.

Beyond all outer charting

We sailed where none have sailed,

And saw the land-lights burning

On islands none have hailed ;

THE SEVEN SEAS

Our hair stood up for wonder,
But, when the night was done,
There danced the deep to windward
Blue-empty 'neath the sun !

Strange consorts rode beside us
And brought us evil luck ;
The witch-fire climbed our channels,
And flared on vane and truck :
Till, through the red tornado,
That lashed us nigh to blind,
We saw The Dutchman plunging,
Full canvas, head to wind !

We 've heard the Midnight Leadsman
That calls the black deep down—
Ay, thrice we 've heard The Swimmer,
The Thing that may not drown.

THE MERCHANTMEN

On frozen bunt and g. sket
The sleet-cloud drave her hosts,
When, manned by more than signed with us
We passed the Isle o' Ghosts !

And north, amid the hummocks,
A biscuit-toss below,
We met the silent shallop
That frightened whalers know ;
For, down a cruel ice-lane,
That opened as he sped,
We saw dead Henry Hudson
Steer, North by West, his dead.

So dealt God's waters with us
Beneath the roaring skies,
So walked His signs and marvels
All naked to our eyes :

THE SEVEN SEAS

But we were heading homeward
With trade to lose or make—
Good Lord, they slipped behind us
In the tailing of our wake !

Let go, let go the anchors ;
Now shamed at heart are we
To bring so poor a cargo home
That had for gift the sea !
Let go the great bow-anchors—
Ah, fools were we and blind—
The worst we stored with utter toil,
The best we left behind !

*Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back
again,*

*Whither flaw shall fail us or the Trades drive down :
Plain-sail—storm-sail—lay yeur board and tack
again—*

And all to bring a cargo up to London Town !

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

LORD, Thou hast made this world below the
shadow of a dream,

An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin'
always Steam.

From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy
Hand, O God—

Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enorr-
mous, certain, slow—

Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* 'Insti-
tutio.'

I cannot get my sleep to-night ; old bones are
hard to please ;

I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi'
God an' these

THE SEVEN SEAS

My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an'
strain

Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-
bangin' home again.

Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the
crosshead-gibs are loose ;

But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them
fair excuse. . . .

Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi
Ushant out o' sight,

An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye 'll walk
to-night !

His wife 's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—
Two—Three since he began—

Three turns for Mistress Ferguson . . . and
who 's to blame the man ?

There 's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast
or slow,

Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty
years ago.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

(The year the *Sarah Sands* was burned. Oh
roads we used to tread,

Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to
Parkhead !)

Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll
hear Sir Kenneth say :

' Good mornn, M'Andrew ! Back again ? An'
how's your bilge to-day ? '

Miscallin' technicalties but handin' me my
chair

To drink Madeira wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet
Engineer,

That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and
he were low.

I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe
wi' tow.

Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh ! Eh !
—a man wad drive ;

An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder
fifty-five !

THE SEVEN SEAS

We 're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight
an' larger power :

There 'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty knots
an hour !

Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-
steam began

Leaves me no doot for the machine : but what
about the man ?

The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million
mile o' sea :

Four time the span from earth to moon. . . .
How far, O Lord, from Thee ?

That wast beside him night an' day. Ye mind
my first typhoon ?

It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi'
the saloon.

Three feet were on the stokehold-floor—just
slappin' to an' fro—

An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks
to show.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Marks ! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep
in my soul an' black,

An' times like this, when things go smooth, my
wickudness comes back.

The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down
the seas,

Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . .
Forgie's our trespasses.

Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy
in my gaze.

The couples kittlin' in the dark between the
funnel stays ;

Years when I raked the ports wi' pride to fill my
cup o' wrong—

Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street
in Hong-Kong !

Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I
abode—

Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick
an' Grant Road !

THE SEVEN SEAS

An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank
blasphemy an' wild.

I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge
a chld ?

I 'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit,
new smells, new air—

How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil
was lurkin' there ?

By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past
our sleepy eyes ;

By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from
those velvet skies,

In port (we used no cargo-steam) I 'd daunder
down the streets—

An ijjit grinnin' in a dream^t—for shells an' parra-
keets,

An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish
stuffed an' dried—

Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put over-
side.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a land-
breeze ca',

Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom : ' M'An-
drew, come awa' ! '

Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the
ghostly whisper went,

Just statin' cevidential facts beyon' all argu-
ment :

' Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the
shadow o' yoursel',

' Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on
Heaven an' Hell.

' They mak' Him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie
cold an' dirt,

' A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong
to hurt,

' Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His
red-hot rod,

' But come wi' Us ' (Now, who were *They* ?) ' an'
know the Leevin' God,

THE SEVEN SEAS

‘ That does not kipper souls for sport or break a
life in jest,

‘ But swells the ripenin’ cocoanuts an’ ripes the
woman’s breast.’

An’ there it stopped : cut off : no more ; that
quiet, certain voice—

For me, six months o’ twenty four, to leave or
take at choice.

’Twas on me like a thunderclap—it racked me
through an’ through—

Temptation past the show o’ speech, unnameable
an’ new—

The Sin against the Holy Ghost ? . . . An’ under
all, our screw.

That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-
shiftin’ swell,

Thou knowest all my heart an’ mind, Thou
knowest, Lord, I fell.

Thud on the *Mary Gloster* then, and first that
night in Hell !

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Yet was Thy hand beneath my head, about my
feet Thy care—

Fra' Delh clear to Torres Strait, the trial o'
despair,

But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy
answer to my prayer !

We dared not run that sea by night but lay an'
held our fire,

An' I was drowsin' on the hatch—sick—sick wi'
doubt an' tire :

*' Eetter the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o'
desire ! '*

Ye mind that word ? Clear as our gongs—again,
an' once again,

When rippin' down, through coral-trash ran out
our moorin'-chain ;

An' by Thy Grace I had the Light to see my duty
plain.

Light on the engine-room—no more—bright as
our carbons burn.

THE SEVEN SEAS

I've lost it since a thousand times, but never
past return.

Obsairve. Per annum we'll have here two
thousand souls aboard—

Think not I dare to justify myself before the
Lord,

But—average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra'
port to port—

I am o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame
the thought ?

Maybe they steam from grace to wrath—to sin
by folly lead,—

It isna mine to judge their path—their lives are
on my head.

Mine at the last—when all is done it all comes
back to me,

The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon
the sea.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by
any road ye steer—

Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an
engineer.

Fail there—ye 've time to weld your shaft—ay,
eat it, ere ye 're spoke ;

Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers
burned wi' smoke !

An' home again, the Rio run : it's no child's
play to go

Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an'
floe an' blow—

The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn
an' shift

Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the
big South drift.

(Hail, snow an' ice that praise the Lord : I've
met them at their work,

An' wished we had anither route or they anither
kirk.)

THE SEVEN SEAS

Yon 's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for
though Thy Power brings

All skill to naught, Ye 'll understand a man must
think o' things.

Then, at the last, we 'll get to port an' hoist their
baggage clear—

The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is
what I 'll hear :

' Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The ten-
der 's comin' now.'

While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the
skipper bow.

They 've words for every one but me—shake
hands wi' half the crew,

Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they
never knew.

An' yet I like the wark for all we 've dam' few
pickin's here—

No pension, an' the most we 'earn 's four hunder
pound a year.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner
starve than sail

Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross*. . . . French
for nightingale.

Commeeson on my stores? Some do; but I
can not afford

To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans—. I'm older
than the Board.

A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots
are close,

But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll
grudge their food to *those*.

There's bricks that I might recommend—an'
clink the fire-bars cruel.

No! Welsh—Wangari at the worst—an' damn
all patent fuel!)

Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a
patent pay.

My Deferential Valve-Gear taught me how that
business lay,

THE SEVEN SEAS

I blame no chaps wi' clearer head for aught they
make or sell.

I found that I could not invent an' look to these
—as well.

So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—Nah!—fretted like a
bairn—

But burned the workin'-plans last run wi' all I
hoped to earn.

Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that
meant to me—

E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to
Thee. . . .

*Below there! Ouler! What's your wark? Ye
find it runnin' hard?*

*Ye needn't swill the cap 'wi' oil—this isn't the
Cunard!*

*Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go,
sweat that off again!*

Tek! Tek! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak'
The Name in vain!

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to
oversec

Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social
repartee.

The bairns sec what their elders miss ; they'll
hunt me to an' fro,

Till for the sake of—well, a kiss—I tak' 'em down
below.

That munds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Ken-
neth's kin—the chap

Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked
yachtin'-cap.

I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at
the last says he :

' Mister M'Andrew, don't you think steam spoils
romance at sea ? '

Damned ijjit ! I'd been doon that morn to see
what ailed the throws,

Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches
off my nose.

THE SEVEN SEAS

Romance ! Those first-class passengers they
like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books ; but why
don't poets tell ?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves
an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the
Song o' Steam !
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orches-
tra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods
mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-
pump sobs an' heaves,
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel
on the sheaves :
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking
link-head bides,
Till—hear that note ?—the rod's return whings
glimmerin' through the guides.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

They 're all awa! True beat, full power, the
clangin' chorus goes

Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin'
dynamoës.

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained,
decreed,

To work, Ye 'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o'
speed.

Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted,
braced an' stayed,

An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that
they are made ;

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-
block says :

' Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the
praise ! '

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—
theirs an' mine :

' Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience,
Discipline ! '

THE SEVEN SEAS

Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when
 roarin' they arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gien them wi'
 the blows.

Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer
 strain,

Till even first-class passengers could tell the
 meanin' plain !

But no one cares except mysel' that serve an'
 understand

My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh,
 Lord ! They 're grand—they 're grand !

Uplift am I ? When first in store the new-made
 beasties stood,

Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word
 declarin' all things good ?

Not so ! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall
 could vex,

Ye 've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the
 Arrtifex !

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction,
waste an' ship,

An' by that light—now, mark my word—we 'll
build the Perfect Ship.

I 'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve
—not I.

But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. 'Bc thanks to
Thee, Most High !

An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge Thou if
ill or well—

Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .

Losh ! Yon 's the 'Stand by' bell.
Pilot so soon ? His flare it is. The mornin'-
watch is set.

Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no
Pelagian yet.

Now I 'll tak' on. . . .

*'Morrn, Fergusn. Man, have ye ever thought
What your good leddy costs in coal ? . . . I 'll
burn 'em down to port.*

THE MIRACLES

I SENT a message to my dear—
A thousand leagues and more to Her—
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,
And Lost Atlantis bore to Her.

Behind my message hard I came,
And nigh had found a grave for me :
But that I launched of steel and flame
Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
To bid me change my mind again—
He broke his teeth along my rail,
And, roaring, swung behind again.

THE MIRACLES

I stayed the sun at noon to tell
 My way across the waste of it ;
I read the storm before it fell
 And made the better haste of it.

Afar, I hailed the land at night—
 The towers I built had heard of me—
And, ere my rocket reached its height,
 Had flashed my Love the word of me.

Earth sold her chosen men of strength
 (They lived and strove and died for me)
To drive my road a nation's length
 And toss the miles aside for me.

I snatched their toil to serve my needs—
 Too slow their fleetest flew for me—
I tired twenty smoking steeds,
 And bade them bait a new for me.

THE SEVEN SEAS

I sent the lightnings forth to see

Where hour by hour She waited me.

Among ten million one was She,

And surely all men hated me !

Dawn ran to meet me at my goal—

Ah, day no tongue shall tell again !

And little folk of little soul

Rose up to buy and sell again !

THE NATIVE-BORN

WE 'VE drunk to the Queen—God bless
her !—

We 've drunk to our mothers' land ;
We 've drunk to our English brother,
(But he does not understand) ;
We 've drunk to the wide creation,
And the Cross swings low for the morn,
Last toast, and of obligation,
A health to the Native-born !

•

They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam !
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England ' home ' ;

THE SEVEN SEAS

We read of the English sky-lark,
Of the spring in the English lanes,
But we screamed with the painted lories
As we rode on the dusty plains !

They passed with their old-world legends—
Their tales of wrong and dearth—
Our fathers held by purchase,
But we by the right of birth ;
Our heart 's where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith and our hope and our honour
We pledge to our native soil !

I charge you charge your glasses—
I charge you drink with me
To the men of the Four New Nations,
And the Islands of the Sea—
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside,

THE NATIVE-BORN

And our own good pride shall teach us
To praise our comrade's pride !

To the hush of the breathless morning
On the thin, tin, crackling roofs,
To the haze of the burned back-ranges
And the dust of the shoeless hoofs—
To the risk of a death by drowning,
To the risk of a death by drouth—
To the men of a million acres,
To the Sons of the Golden South !

*To the Sons of the Golden South (Stand up !),
And the life we live and know,
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares
about,
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares
about
With the weight of a single blow !*

THE SEVEN SEAS

To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
To the sheep on a thousand hills,
To the sun that never blisters,
To the rain that never chills—
To the land of the waiting springtime,
To our five-meal, meat-fed men,
To the tall, deep-bosomed women,
And the children nine and ten !

*And the children nine and ten (Stand up !),
And the life we live and know,
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about,
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares
about
With the weight of a two-fold blow !*

To the far-flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn in the offing
And the line of the new-cut rail ;

THE NATIVE-BORN

To the plough in her league-long furrow
 With the grey Lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
 And the warm wet western wind !

To the home of the floods and thunder,
 To her pale dry healing blue—
To the lift of the great Cape combers,
 And the smell of the baked Karroo.
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head—
 To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
 To the map that is half unrolled !

To our dear dark foster-mothers,
 To the heathen songs they sung—
To the heathen speech we babbled
 Ere we came to the white man's tongue.

THE SEVEN SEAS

To the cool of our deep verandas—
To the blaze of our jewelled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
And the fire-fly in the cane !

To the hearth of our people's people—
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altar
Where The Abbey makes us We ;
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-house of the Line !

We 've drunk to the Queen—God bless
her !—

We 've drunk to our mothers' land ;
We 've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he 'll understand).

THE NATIVE-BORN

We 've drunk as much as we 're able,
And the Cross swings low for the morn ;
Last toast—and your foot on the table !—
A health to the Native-born !

*A health to the Native-born (Stand up !),
We 're six white men arow,
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about,
All bound to fight for the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow !
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands !),
From the Orkneys to the Horn,
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by),
All round the world (and a little strap to buckle it),
A health to the Native-born !*

THE KING

‘FAREWELL, Romance!’ the Cave-men
said ;

‘ With bone well carved he went away,
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
And jasper tips the spear to-day.
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
And he with these. Farewell, Romance ! ’

‘ Farewell, Romance ! ’ the Lake-folk sighed ;

‘ We lift the weight of flating years ;
The caverns of the mountain-side
Hold him who scorns our huttet piers.
Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,
Guard ye his rest. Romance, farewell ! ’

THE KING

‘ Farewell, Romance ! ’ the Soldier spoke ;

‘ By sleight of sword we may not win,
But scuffle ’mid uncleanly smoke
Of arquebus and culverin.

Honour is lost, and none may tell
Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell ! ’

‘ Farewell, Romance ! ’ the Traders cried ;

‘ Our keels ha’ lain with every sea ;
The dull-returning wind and tide
Heave up the wharf where we would be ;
The known and noted breezes swell
Our trudging sail. Romance, farewell ! ’

‘ Good-bye, Romance ! ’ the Skipper said ;

‘ He vanished with the coal we burn ;
Our dial marks full steam ahead,
Our speed is timed to half a turn.
Sure as the ferried barge we ply
’Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye ! ’

THE SEVEN SEAS

‘ Romance ! ’ the season-tickets mourn,
 ‘ *He* never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn—
 And left the local—late again ! ’
Confound Romance ! . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
 His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
 His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks ;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still !

Robed, crowned and throned, he wove his spell,
 Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,
 Hedged in a backward-gazing world :
Then taught his chosen bard to say :
‘ Our King was with us—yesterday ! ’

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

*A*WAY by the lands of the Japanee
Where the paper lanterns glow,
And the crews of all the shipping drink
In the house of Blood Street Joe,
At twilight, when the landward breeze
Brings up the harbour noise,
And ebb of Yokohama Bay
Swigs chattering through the buoys,
In Cisco's Dewdrop Dining Rooms
They tell the tale anew
Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,
When the Baltic ran from the Northern Light
And the Stralsund fought the two.

Now this is the Law of the Muscovite, that he
proves with shot and steel,
When ye come by his isles in the Smoky Sea ye
must not take the seal,

THE SEVEN SEAS

Where the grey sea goes nakedly between the
weed-hung shelves,
And the little blue fox he is bred for his skin and
the seal they breed for themselves ;
For when the *matkas* seek the shore to drop their
pups aland,
The great man-seal haul out of the sea, aroaring,
band by band ;
And when the first September gales have slaked
their rutting-wrath,
The great man-seal haul back to the sea and no
man knows their path.
Then dark they lie and stark they lie—rookery,
dune, and floe,
And the Northern Lights come down o' nights to
dance with the houseless snow ;
And God Who clears the grounding berg and
steers the grinding floe,
He hears the cry of the little kit-fox and the
wind along the snow.

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

But since our women must walk gay and money
 buys their gear,
The scaling-boats they filch that way at hazard
 year by year.
English they be and Japanee that hang on the
 Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst of the lot, and
 the boldest thieves, be Yank !

It was the sealer *Northern Light*, to the Smoky
 Seas she bore,
With a stovepipe stuck from a starboard port and
 the Russian flag at her fore.
(*Baltic*, *Stralsund*, and *Northern Light*—oh ! they
 were birds of a feather—
Shipping away to the Smoky Seas, three seal-
 thieves together !)
And at last she came to a sandy cove and the
 Baltic lay therein,

THE SEVEN SEAS

But her men were up with the herding seal to
drive and club and skin.

There were fifteen hundred skins abeach, cool
pelt and proper fur,

When the *Northern Light* drove into the bight
and the sea-mist drove with her.

The *Baltic* called her men and weighed—she
could not choose but run—

For a stovepipe seen through the closing mist, it
shows like a four-inch gun

(And loss it is that is sad as death to lose both
trip and ship

And he for a rotting contraband on Vladivostock
ship).

She turned and dived in the sea-smother as a
rabbit dives in the whins,

And the *Northern Light* sent up her boats to steal
the stolen skins.

They had not brought a load to side or slid their
hatches clear,

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

When they were aware of a sloop-of-war, ghost
white and very near.

Her flag she showed, and her guns she showed—
thrice of them, black, abeam,

And a funnel white with the crusted salt, but
never a show of steam.

There was no time to man the brakes, they
knocked the shackle free,
And the *Northern Light* stood out again, goose-
winged to open sea.

(For life it is that is worse than death, by force
of Russian law

To work in the mines of mercury that loose the
teeth in your jaw.)

They had not run a mile from shore—they heard
no shots behind—

When the skipper smote his hand on his thigh
and threw her up in the wind :

THE SEVEN SEAS

- ‘ Bluffed—raised out on a bluff,’ said he, ‘ for if
my name ’s Tom Hall,
‘ You must set a thief to catch a thief—and a
thief has caught us all !
‘ By every butt in Oregon and every spar in
Maine,
‘ The hand that spilled the wind from her sail
was the hand of Reuben Paine !
‘ He has rigged and trigged her with paint and
spar, and, faith, he has faked her well—
‘ But I ’d know the *Stralsund*’s deckhouse yet
from here to the booms o’ Hell.
‘ Oh, once we ha’ met at Baltimore, and twice on
Boston pier,
‘ But the sickest day for you, Reuben Paine, was
the day that you came here—
‘ The day that you came here, my lad, to scare
us from our seal
‘ With your funnel made o’ your painted cloth,
and your guns o’ rotten deal !

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

‘ Ring and blow for the *Baltic* now, and head her
back to the bay,
‘ And we ’ll come into the game again—with a
double deck to play ! ’

They rang and blew the sealers’ call—the poach-
ing cry of the sea—
And they raised the *Baltic* out of the mist, and
an angry ship was she :
And blind they groped through the whirling
white and blind to the bay again,
Till they heard the creak of the *Stralsund’s* boom
and the clank of her mooring chain.
They laid them down by bitt and boat, their
pistols in their belts,
And : ‘ Will you fight for it, Reuben Paine, or
will you share the pelts ? ’

•
A dog-toothed laugh laughed Reuben Paine, and
bared his flenching-knife.

THE SEVEN SEAS

' Yea, skin for skin, and all that he hath a man
will give for his life ;
But I 've six thousand skins below, and Yeddo
Port to see,
And there 's never a law of God or man runs
north of Fifty-Three :
So go in peace to the naked seas with empty holds
to fill,
And I 'll be good to your seal this catch, as many
as I shall kill ! '

Answered the snap of a closing lock and the jar
of a gun-butt shd,
But the tender fog shut fold on fold to hide the
wrong they did.
The weeping fog rolled fold on fold the wrath of
man to cloak,
And the flame-spurts pale ran down the rail as
the sealing-rifles spoke.

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

The bullets bit on bend and butt, the splinter
slivered free

(Little they trust to sparrow-dust that stop the
scal in his sea !),

The thick smoke hung and would not shift, leaden
it lay and blue,

But three were down on the *Baltic's* deck and two
of the *Stralsund's* crew.

An arm's length out and overside the banked
fog held them bound,

But, as they heard or groan or word, they fired
at the sound.

For one cried out on the Name of God, and one to
have him cease,

And the questing volley found them both and
bade them hold their peace ;

And one called out on a heathen joss and one on
the Virgin's Name,

And the schooling bullet leaped across and
showed them whence they came.

THE SEVEN SEAS

And in the waiting silences the rudder whined
beneath,

And each man drew his watchful breath slow
taken 'tween the teeth—

Trigger and ear and eye acock, knit brow and
hard-drawn lips—

Bracing his feet by chock and cleat for the rolling
of the ships.

Till they heard the cough of a wounded man
that fought in the fog for breath,

Till they heard the torment of Reuben Paine that
wailed upon his death :

‘The tides they ’ll go through Fundy Race but
I ’ll go never more

‘And see the hogs from ebb-tide mark turn
scampering back to shore.

‘No more I ’ll see the trawlers drift below the
Bass Rock ground,

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

‘ Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing
up the Sound.
‘ Sorrow is me, in a lonely sea and a sinful fight
I fall,
‘ But if there ’s law o’ God or man you ’ll swing
for it yet, Tom Hall ! ’

Tom Hall stood up by the quarter-rail. ‘ Your
words in your teeth,’ said he.
‘ There ’s never a law of God or man runs north of
Fifty-Three.
‘ So go in grace with Him to face, and an ill-spent
life behind,
‘ And I ’ll be good to your widows, Rube, as
many as I shall find.’
A *Stralsund* man shot blind and large, and a
warlock Finn was he,
And he hit Tom Hall with a bursting ball a hand’s-
breadth over the knee.

THE SEVEN SEAS

Tom Hall caught hold by the topping-lift, and
sat him down with an oath,

‘ You ’ll wait a little, Rube,’ he said, ‘ the Devil
has called for both.

‘ The Devil is driving both this tide, and the kill-
ing-grounds are close,

‘ And we ’ll go up to the Wrath of God as the
holluschickie goes.

‘ O men, put back your guns again and lay your
rifles by,

‘ We ’ve fought our fight, and the best are down.
Let up and let us die !

‘ Quit firing, by the bow there—quit ! Call off
the *Baltic*’s crew !

‘ You ’re sure of Hell as me or Rube—but wait
till we get through.’

There went no word between the ships, but thick
and quick and loud

The life-blood drummed on the dripping decks,
with the fog-dew from the shroud,

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

The sea-pull drew them side by side, gunnel to
gunnel laid,
And they felt the sheerstrakes pound and clear,
but never a word was said.

Then Reuben Paine cried out again before his
spirit passed :

‘ Have I followed the sea for thirty years to die
in the dark at last ?

‘ Curse on her work that has nipped me here with
a shifty trick unkind—

‘ I have gotten my death where I got my bread,
but I dare not face it blind.

‘ Curse on the fog ! Is there never a wind of all
the winds I knew

‘ To clear the smother from off my chest, and let
me look at the blue ? ’

The good fog heard—like a splitten sail, to left
and right she tore,

THE SEVEN SEAS

And they saw the sun-dogs in the haze and the
 scal upon the shore.

Silver and grey ran spit and bay to meet the steel-
 backed tide,

And pinched and white in the clearing light the
 crews stared overside.

O rainbow-gay the red pools lay that swilled and
 spilled and spread,

And gold, raw gold, the spent shell rolled between
 the careless dead—

The dead that rocked so drunkenwise to weather
 and to lee,

And they saw the work their hands had done as
 God had bade them see.

And a little breeze blew over the rail that made
 the headsails lift,

But no man stood by wheel or sheet, and they
 let the schooners drift.

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

And the rattle rose in Reuben's throat and he
cast his soul with a cry,

And 'Gone already?' Tom Hall he said. 'Then
it's time for me to die.'

His eyes were heavy with great sleep and yearning
for the land,

And he spoke as a man that talks in dreams, his
wound beneath his hand.

'Oh, there comes no good o' the westering wind
that backs against the sun;

'Wash down the decks—they're all too red—and
share the skins and run,

'*Baltic, Stralsund, and Northern Light*—clean
share and share for all,

'You'll find the fleets off Tolstoi Mees, but you
will not find Tom Hall.

'Evil he did in shoal-water and blacker sin on
the deep,

THE SEVEN SEAS

- ‘ But now he ’s sick of watch and trick and now
he ’ll turn and sleep.
- ‘ He ’ll have no more of the crawling sea that
made him suffer so,
- ‘ But he ’ll lie down on the killing-grounds where
the holluschickie go.
- ‘ And west you ’ll sail and south again, beyond
the sea-fog’s rim,
- ‘ And tell the Yoshiwara girls to burn a stick for
him.
- ‘ And you ’ll not weight him by the heels and
dump him overside,
- ‘ But carry him up to the sand-hollows to die as
Bering died,
- ‘ And make a place for Reuben Paine that knows
the fight was fair,
- ‘ And leave the two that did the wrong to talk it
over there ! ’

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

*Half-steam ahead by guess and lead, for the sun is
mostly veiled—*

*Through fog to fog, by luck and log, sail ye as Bering
sailed ;*

*And if the light shall lift aright to give your landfall
plain,*

*North and by west, from Zapne Crest, ye raise the
Crosses Twain.*

*Fair marks are they to the inner bay, the reckless
poacher knows*

*What time the scarred see-catchie lead their sleek
seraglios.*

*Ever they hear the floe-pack clear, and the blast of
the old bull-whale,*

*And the deep seal-roar that beats off-shore above
the loudest gale.*

*Ever they wait the winter's hate as the thundering
boorga calls,•*

*Where northward look they to St. George, and west-
ward to St. Paul's.*

THE SEVEN SEAS

*Ever they greet the hunted fleet—lone keels off head-
lands drear—*

*When the sealing-schooners flit that way at hazard
year by year.*

Ever in Yokohama port men tell the tale anew

Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,

*When the Baltic ran from the Northern Light
And the Stralsund fought the two.*

THE DERELICT

'And reports the derelict Mary Pollock still at sea.'

SHIPPING NEWS.

*I WAS the staunchest of our fleet
Till the sea rose beneath our feet
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.
Into his pits he stamped my crew,
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw,
Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.*

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still,
Whom now the currents con, the rollers steer—
Lifting forlorn to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near !

°
Wrenched as the lips of thirst,
, Wried, dried, and split and burst,

THE SEVEN SEAS

Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the
graining ;
And jarred at every roll
The gear that was my soul
Answers the anguish of my beams' complaining.

For life that crammed me full,
Gangs of the prying gull
That shriek and scrabble on the riven hatches !
For roar that dumbled the gale,
My hawse-pipes' guttering wail,
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted
watches !

Blind in the hot blue ring
Through all my points I swing—
Swing and return to shift the sun anew.
Blind in my well-known sky
I hear the stars go by,
Mocking the prow that can not hold one true !

THE DERELICT

White on my wasted path
Wave after wave in wrath
Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me,
Flung forward, heaved aside,
Witless and dazed I bide
The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs careen,
The spray of seas unseen
Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling ;
South where the corals breed,
The footless, floating weed
Folds me and fouls me, strake on strake up-
crawling.

I that was clean to run
My race against the sun—
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster—
Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to my master !

THE SEVEN SEAS

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still—
To him and his, our peoples at their pier :
Lifting in hope to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near !

THE ANSWER

A ROSE, in tatters on the garden path,
Cried out to God and murmured 'gainst
His Wrath,

Because a sudden wind at twilight's hush
Had snapped her stem alone of all the bush.
And God, Who hears both sun-dried dust and
sun,

Had pity, whispering to that luckless one.
' Sister, in that thou sayest We did not well—
What voices heardst thou when thy petals fell ? '
And the Rose answered, ' In that evil hour
A voice said, " Father, wherefore falls the flower ?
For lo, the very gossamers are still."
And a voice answered, " Son, by Allah's will ! " '

THE SEVEN SEAS

Then softly as a rain-mist on the sward
Came to the Rose the Answer of the Lord :
‘ Sister, before We smote the dark in twain,
Ere yet the stars saw one another plain,
Time, Tide, and Space, We bound unto the task
That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should
ask.’

Whereat the withered flower, all content,
Died as they die whose days are innocent ;
While he who questioned why the flower fell
Caught hold of God and saved his soul from Hell.

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

YOU couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the
pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a
walk !

With my '*Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp !*'
[Oh, it's any tune that comes into my
head !]
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop ;
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

THE SEVEN SEAS

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
When it's good to make your will and say
your prayer,
You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight
Explaining ten to one was always fair.
I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has oc-
curred,
Give me time to change my leg and go
again.

With my '*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa
tump!*'

In the desert where the dung-fed camp-
smoke curled
There was never voice before us till I led our
lonely chorus,
I—the war-drum of the White Man round
the world!

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—
'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut alone—
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—

I am Memory and Torment—I am Town !
I am all that ever went with evening dress !

With my '*Tunk-a tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk !*'
[So the lights—the London Lights—grow
near and plain !]
So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and
the Flesh,
Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,
Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and
roars,

THE SEVEN SEAS

I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay
Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.
He is blooded to the open and the sky,
He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,
He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,
Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my '*Hya ! Heeya ! Heeya ! Hullah !
Haul !*'

[O the green that thunders aft along the
deck !]

Are you sick o' towns and men ? You must
sign and sail again,
For it's ' Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit
and trek ! '

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-
day clear—
Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our
wheel—

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom
sheer—

Down the valley with our guttering brakes
asquical :

Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine,
So I lead my reckless children from below
Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine.

With my '*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink !*'

[And the axe has cleared the mountain,
croup and crest !]

So we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
Through the cañons to the waters of the
West !

And the tunes that mean so much to you
alone—

Common tunes that make you choke and blow
your nose,

THE SEVEN SEAS

Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings
the groan—

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those ;
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—
And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you, when you 're
done,
To the thoughts that burn like irons if you
think.

With my '*Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!*'
Here's a trifle on account of pleasure
past,
Ere the wit that made you win gives you
eyes to see your sin
And the heavier repentance at the last !

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of
Man !

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—

I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we
ran !

My bray ye may not alter nor mistake

When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of
Things,

But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I
make,

Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings ?

With my '*Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp !*'

[Is it naught to you that hear and pass me
by ?]

But the word—the word is mine, when the
order moves the line

And the lean, locked ranks go roaring
down to die.

~

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre—

[O the blue below the little fisher-huts !]

THE SEVEN SEAS

That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with
fire,

Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts !
By the wisdom of the centuries I speak—

To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth—
I, the joy of life unquestioned—I, the Greek—
I, the everlasting Wonder Song of Youth !

With my '*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink !*'

[What d'ye lack, my noble masters ?

What d'ye lack ?]

So I draw the world together link by link :

Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back !

THE LINER SHE'S A LADY

THE Liner she 's a lady, an' she never looks
nor 'eeds—

The Man-o'-War 's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er
all she needs ;

But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet
seas roun',

They 're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up
an' down !

*Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the
Yard,*

*All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth
'Ard ;*

Anythin' for business, an' we 're growin' old—

Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold !

THE SEVEN SEAS

The Liner she 's a lady by the paint upon 'er face,
An' if she meets an accident they count it sore
disgrace :

The Man-o'-War 's 'er 'usband, and 'e 's always
'andy by,

But, oh, the little cargo-boats ! they 've got to
load or die.

The Liner she 's a lady, and 'er route is cut an'
dried ;

The Man-o'-War 's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always
keeps beside ;

But, oh, the little cargo-boats that 'aven't any
man,

They 've got to do their business first, and make
the most they can !

The Liner she 's a lady, and if a war should come,
The Man-o'-War 's 'er 'usband, and 'e 'd bid 'er
stay at home ;

THE LINER SHE 'S A LADY

But, oh, the little cargo-boats that fill with every
tide !

'E 'd 'ave to up an' fight for them, for they are
England's pride.

The Liner she 's a lady, but if she wasn't made,
There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome an'
foreign trade.

The Man-o'-War 's 'er 'usband, but if we wasn't
'ere,

'E wouldn't have to fight at all for 'ome an'
friends so dear.

*'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, 'angin' round
the Yard,*

*All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth
'Ard ;*

Anythin' for business, an' we 're growin' old—

*'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, waitin' in the
cold !*

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

THE fear was on the cattle, for the gale was
on the sea,

An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let
the creatures free—

An' the lights went out on the lower deck, an' no
one near but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet
there,

For the lower deck is the dangerousest, requirin'
constant care,

An' give to me as the strongest man, though used
to drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein' horned or
trod,

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

For the lower deck was packed with steers
thicker 'n peas in a pod,
An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made a
Contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read
the same,
If He got me to port alive I would exalt His Name,
An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders
came.

He saved me from the cattle an' He saved me
from the sea,
For they found me 'tween two drowned ones
where the roll had landed me—
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy
as could be.

But that were done by a stanchion, an' not by
a bullock at all,

THE SEVEN SEAS

An' I lay still for seven weeks convalessing of the
fall,

An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in the Sea-
man's Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says
to my prayer :

' I never puts on My ministers no more than they
can bear.

' So back you go to the cattle-boats an' preach
My Gospel there.

' For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,

' But most of all, as well you know, when the
steers are mad-afraid ;

' So you go back to the cattle-boats an' preach
'em as I 've said.

' They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they
mustn't knife on a blow,

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

'They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you
must preach it so ;
'For now those boats are more like Hell than
anything else I know.'

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should
get,
An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an'
out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an'
I done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would
be the case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as
Scripture says ;
But following that, I knocked him down an' led
him up to Grace.

THE SEVEN SEAS

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the
sea is calm,

An' I use no knife or pistol an' I never take no
harm,

For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my
fighting arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month and save
the money clear,

An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never
lose a steer ;

An' I believe in Almighty God an' preach His
Gospel here.

The skippers say I 'm crazy, but I can prove 'em
wrong,

For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that
doth belong—

*Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the
competition so strong !*

ANCHOR SONG

(*From 'Many Inventions'*)

HEH! Walk her round. Heave, ah heave
her short again!

Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her on
the pawl.

Loose all sail, and brace your yards back and
full—

Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!

Well, ah fare you well; we can stay no more
with you, my love—

Down, set down your liquor and your girl
from off your knee;

For the wind has come to say:

'You must take me while you may,

THE SEVEN SEAS

If you 'd go to Mother Carey
(Walk her down to Mother Carey !),
Oh, we 're bound to Mother Carey where she
feeds her chicks at sea !'

Heh ! Walk her round. Break, ah break it out
o' that !

Break our starboard-bower out, apeak, awash,
and clear.

Port—port she casts, with the harbour-mud
beneath her foot,

And that 's the last o' bottom we shall see this
year !

Well, ah fare you well, for we 've got to take
her out again—

Take her out in ballast, riding light and
cargo-free.

ANCHOR SONG

And it 's time to clear and quit
When the hawser grips the bitt,
So we 'll pay you with the foresheet and a
promise from the sea !

Heh ! Tally on. Aft and walk away with her !
Handsome to the cathead, now ; O tally on
the fall !
Stop, seize and fish, and easy on the davit-guy.
Up, well up the fluke of her, and inboard
haul !

Well, ah fare you well, for the Channel wind 's
took hold of us,
Choking down our voices as we snatch the
gaskets free.
And it 's blowing up for night,
And she 's dropping light on light,
And she 's snorting under bonnets for a
breath of open sea.

THE SEVEN SEAS

Wheel, full and by ; but she 'll smell her road
alone to-night.

Sick she is and harbour-sick—O sick to clear the
land !

Roll down to Brest with the old Red Ensign over
us—

Carry on and thrash her out with all she 'll
stand !

Well, ah fare you well, and it 's Ushant slams
the door on us,

Whirling like a windmill through the dirty
scud to lec :

Till the last, last flicker goes

From the tumbling water-rows,

And we 're off to Mother Carey

(Walk her down to Mother Carey !),

Oh, we 're bound for Mother Carey where she
feeds her chicks at sea !

THE LOST LEGION

THERE 'S a Legion that never was 'listed,
That carries no colours or crest,
But, split in a thousand detachments,
Is breaking the road for the rest.
Our fathers they left us their blessing—
They taught us, and groomed us, and
crammed ;
But we 've shaken the Clubs and the Messes
To go and find out and be damned
(Dear boys !),
To go and get shot and be damned.

So some of us chivy the slaver,
And some of us cherish the black,
And some of us hunt on the Oil Coast,
And some on—the Wallaby track :

THE SEVEN SEAS

And some of us drift to Sarawak,
And some of us drift up The Fly,
And some share our tucker with tigers,
And some with the gentle Masai,
(Dear boys !),
Take tea with the giddy Masai.

We 've painted The Islands vermilion,
We 've pearled on half-shares in the Bay,
We 've shouted on seven-ounce nuggets,
We 've starved on a Seedeboy's pay ;
We 've laughed at the world as we found it,-
Its women and cities and men—
From Sayyid Burgash in a tantrum
To the smoke-reddened eyes of Loben,
(Dear boys !),
We 've a little account with Loben.

•

The ends o' the Earth were our portion,
The ocean at large was our share.

THE SEVEN SEAS

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers)

To our wholly unauthorised horde—

To the line of our dusty foreloopers,

The Gentlemen Rovers abroad—

Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,

For the steamer won't wait for the train,

And the Legion that never was 'listed

Goes back into quarters again !

'Regards !

Goes back under canvas again.

Hurrah !

The swag and the billy again.

Here 's how !

The trail and the packhorse again.

• Salute !

The trek and the lager again.

THE SEA-WIFE

THERE dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,
And a wealthy wife is she ;
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men
And casts them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,
And some in sight o' shore,
And word goes back to the weary wife
And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate or gear,
Or hearth or garth or bield,
She willed her sons to the white harvest,
And that is a bitter yield.

THE SEVEN SEAS

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,
To ride the horse of tree,
And syne her sons come back again
Far-spent from out the sea.

The good wife's sons come home again
With little into their hands,
But the lore of men that ha' dealt with men
In the new and naked lands ;

But the faith of men that ha' brothered men
By more than easy breath,
And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men
In the open books of death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,
But poor in the goods o' men ;
So what they ha' got by the skin o' their teeth
They sell for their teeth again.

THE SEA-WIFE

For whether they lose to the naked life
Or win to their hearts' desire,
They tell it all to the weary wife
That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind
That makes the white ash spin ;
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides
Her sons go out and in ;

(Out with great mirth that do desire
Hazard of trackless ways,
In with content to wait their watch
And warm before the blaze) ;

And some return by failing light,
And some in waking dream,
For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts
That ride the rough roof-beam.

THE SEVEN SEAS

Home, they come home from all the ports,
The living and the dead ;
The good wife's sons come home again
For her blessing on their head !

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

THE earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path :
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid !

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now !
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die !

THE SEVEN SEAS

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone.
If wrong we did to call them,
By honour bound they came ;
Let not Thy Wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste Thy lesser death !

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave !
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna, intercede !

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day !
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear !

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

(From 'Many Inventions')

*THY face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garments' hem :
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.*

Through wantonness if men profess
They weary of Thy parts,
E'en let them die at blasphemy
And perish with their arts ;

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

But we that love, but we that prove
Thine excellence august,
While we adore discover more
Thee perfect, wise, and just.

Since spoken word Man's Spirit stirred
Beyond his belly-need,
What is is Thine of fair design
In thought and craft and deed ;
Each stroke aright of toil and fight,
That was and that shall be,
And hope too high, wherefore we die,
Has birth and worth in Thee.

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die—

THE SEVEN SEAS

For to make plain that man's disdain
Is but new Beauty's birth—
For to possess in loneliness
The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech
And Life all mystery,
So shalt Thou rule by every school
Till love and longing die,
Who wast or yet the Lights were set,
A whisper in the Void,
Who shalt be sung through planets young
When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,
Across the pressing dark,
The children wise of outer skies
Look hitherward and mark

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,
Rekindling thus and thus,
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne
Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide
The servant of Thy will ;
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme
The ranging stars stand still—
Regent of spheres that lock our fears
Our hopes invisible,
Oh 'twas certes at Thy decrees
We fashioned Heaven and Hell !

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path
That lacks thy morning-eyne,
And captains bold by Thee controlled
Most like to Gods design ;

THE SEVEN SEAS

Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,
To give the dead good-night—

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law
And Man's infirmity,
A shadow kind to dumb and blind
The shambles where we die ;
A rule to trick th' arithmetic
Too base of leaguings odds—
The spur of trust, the curb of lust,
Thou handmaid of the Gods !

O Charity, all patiently
Abiding wrack and scaith !
O Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats
Yet drops no jot of faith !

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

Devil and brute Thou dost transmute
To higher, lordlier show,
Who art in sooth that lovely Truth
The careless angels know !

*Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I may not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die.*

*Yet may I look with heart unshook
On blow brought home or missed—
Yet may I hear with equal ear
The clarions down the List ;
Yet set my lance above mischance
And ride the barriere—
Oh, hit or miss, how little 'tis,
My Lady is not there !*

THE FLOWERS

'To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us like translations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rather primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush.'

THE ATHENÆUM.

*BUY my English posies !
Kent and Surrey may—
Violets of the Undercliff—
Wet with Channel spray ;
Cowslips from a Devon combe—
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies
And I 'll sell your heart's desire !*

THE FLOWERS

Buy my English posies !

You that scorn the May,
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away ?

Green against the draggled drift,

Faint and frail and first—

Buy my Northern blood-root

And I 'll know where you were nursed :
Robin down the logging-road whistles, ' Come to
me ! '

Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is
running free ;

All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
love again !

Buy my English posies !

Here 's to match your need—

Buy a tuft of royal heath,

Buy a bunch of weed

THE SEVEN SEAS

White as sand of Muysenberg

Spun before the gale—

Buy my heath and hies

And I 'll tell you whence you hail !

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—

Throned and thorned the aching berg props the
speckless sky—

Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted
wain—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
love again !

Buy my English posies !

You that will not turn—

Buy my hot-wood clematis,

Buy a frond o' fern

Gathered where the Erskine leaps

Down the road to Lorne—

Buy my Christmas creeper

And I 'll say where you were born !

THE FLOWERS

West away from Melbourne dust holidays
begin—

They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the
great South Main—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
love again !

Buy my English posies !

Here 's your choice unsold !

Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,

Buy the kowhai's gold

Flung for gift on Taupo's face,

Sign that spring is come—

Buy my clinging myrtle

And I 'll give you back your home !

Broom behind the windy town ; pollen o' the
pine—

Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas*
twine—

THE SEVEN SEAS

Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
love again !

Buy my English posies !
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.

Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,

Oh, she calls his dead to him !

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas;
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and
land—

Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

